

Among the Books.

"Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway."
By Frank and Corielle Hutchins. L. C. Page & Co., of Boston. \$2.50.
When the exploration of a "colonial waterway" pursues its trail along so historic a stream as James River, the book in which its turnings are traced may be always relied on to possess interest for many who, living on the banks of the James, or near the river, and knowing much of its story by heart, are nevertheless always ready to read what a new author has to say about the most enthralling, because the first explored and settled river-country, by English settlers, in the United States.

The particular houseboat whose excursions are here set down is spoken of as the Gadabout. The boat left her mooring place on a summer morning several years ago to meander by way of Elizabeth River toward Hampton Roads, and thence into the James. The first stopping place for the houseboating travelers was Jamestown, of course, or the ruins that fix the location of the old Jamestown Church and State House. Of one impression made upon the mind of visitors to the church tower that guards the cradle of the nation, the book speaks for itself, and says:

"Pilgrims to this broken shrine will be of two opinions, as to a work of preservation that the society owning this part of the island has entered into. About and within the church ruins we saw evidence of building in progress, and learned that preparation was being made for a memorial structure, to be erected not on but over the old church foundation walls, to preserve them from the elements. It was to be a gift to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities from the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America. From what we learned then and later, it was evident that the work was undertaken after the most careful study and in the most painstaking spirit. The structure, as it has been completed, and is doubtless as desirable as one as could be erected for the preservation of the church foundations. To the unimaginative the plan that has been adopted will appeal. But to the pilgrim of the other sort, the dreamer, if you will, it must come as a disappointment, not of gain, but of loss. He will feel that for a questionable combination of a restoration with a ruin, there has been sacrificed the most impressive spectacle on the island—the ancient church tower of vanished Jamestown, standing in the shadow of the little grove by the river, broken, desolate, alone."

Lower Brandon, or Brandon, as it is called by priority of right to the title, was the next stopping place of the houseboat. The houseboaters, three in number, a daughter, her husband, and mother, seemed to have derived great pleasure from their visit to this most truly delightful of Virginian manor houses. Eloquent paragraphs are devoted to descriptions of the approach to the mansion, to its interior beauties, and to the hospitality of its hostesses. Photographs illustrate the text at every turn, one of the most charming showing Miss Harrison, attired in the brocade court gown of lovely Evelyn Byrd, worn by her when she carried off the palm from English beauties in the period of the Georges, at the time of her presentation. She was painted by Godfrey Kneller, and the visitors saw her with a red rose in her hand and a smile on her lips, and in her eyes that made good her title to be called the "Fair Maid of the James."

The tribute paid to the incomparable garden at Brandon is so pretty that it is reproduced in part as follows:

"Trifling, cold and unfriendly seem most gardens of to-day in comparison with these old-fashioned ones. Perhaps the entire display in the modern garden comes fresh from the florist in the spring, and is allowed to die out in the fall. Not so at Brandon. Here the garden is one of exclusive old families. Its flower people can trace their pedigree back to the moral emigrants from England.

"Strange blossoms, changing every spring, like dwellers in a city that would not be in good standing with the blue flag that great-grandmother planted, nor with the venerable peonies and day lilies, the lilacs and syringas that remember the day when the elms and magnolias above them were puny saplings. Here is restful permanence in this world of restless change. Loved ones may pass away, and friends may fall, neighbors may come and go, but here in the quiet old garden the dear flower faces that look up to cheer are the same that have given heart and comfort to generations so remote that they lie half-forgotten beneath gray, crumbling stones with quaint time-dimmed inscriptions."

The mention made by the houseboaters of Lower and Upper Weyanoke is rendered most attractive through its reference to Mrs. Fielding Lewis Doughty, mistress of the lower and upper plantation, and a granddaughter of Chief Justice John Marshall. Among the illustrations accompanying this chapter are two, one taken from an excellent portrait of the Chief Justice, and another of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Marshall, before her marriage, Elizabeth Alexander.

Across the way from Weyanoke lies Fleur de Humber, the broad acres of which were patented by Sir George Yeardley, Governor of the Virginia Colony, in the year 1618. Since the advent of the nineteenth century, Fleur de Humber has been the property of the Wilcox family, and when the Gadabout people went over to be hospitably welcomed and gather the roses, lavender and violets still redolent of former garden glories, as they were when Sir George Yeardley, over his estate of maize and wheat, and down to the plantation point on which he erected the first wind-mill in America, they found old traditions well sustained.

After bidding good-by to Weyanoke, the houseboaters attended Thanksgiving service at Westover Church, built about the middle of the seventeenth



LOST

many delightful hours on vacations by not taking a few good books along.

We have the ones you want.

Presbyterian Bookstore,
212-214 N. Sixth Street.

century on the shore of James River at Westover and later removed to its present site on Herring Creek, with the tombs of generations of worshippers clustering about it, and the rectory standing on a bluff near by. The minds of the houseboaters went back from the Thanksgiving services to former days when "the plain little church had seen brave attire, when its parishioners worshipped in flowered silks, embroidered waistcoats, laced head-dresses and powdered periwigs, when dinner invitations went around in the social hour after service and the lavish entertainment of the master of Westover caused quite a Sunday privilege to his lordly mansion, a few miles away."

Toward the lordly mansion the route of the Gadabout lay after the Thanksgiving service had been spoken. The tomb of the owner and builder of what is probably one of the finest examples of early eighteenth century architecture in the State, stands in the midst of the pleasure at Westover, where William Byrd and Evelyn, the "Fair Maid of the James," used to walk between the box hedges and bend above the best of some new favorite, brought over from England and thriving under fostering care in the home of its adoption.

In writing of the "fine entrance, paneled hall," and the drawing-room at Westover with its "Italian marble mantel, showing a relief design upon a black background," the author of the houseboat narrative does not forget to mention "the riverward bedroom of Evelyn Byrd, with its soft-toned paneled walls, the old fireplace opposite the door, and the cozy little dressing-room with its gardenward door."

Here, it says, the unfortunate Colonial beauty laid away the rich brocade, the old court gown of brilliant, bitter memories that was shown to us at Brandon. Through these windows she looked with ever more wistful eyes out upon the river, her thoughts hurrying with its waters toward the ocean and the lover beyond. And one day, it is said, a great ship from London came, and it touched at the pier before her windows, and Charles Mortimer pleaded his cause with the stern father once more. But he pleaded in vain, and the ship and the lover sailed away.

"In the family circle at Westover today," the narrative goes on, "are Mrs. Ramsay, two sons and her daughter, the latter a beautiful young woman, appearing in Mrs. Ramsay's ancestry are the Sears and Gardiners, of Massachusetts, she being a descendant of Lyon Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island. She also claims kinship with the Randolphs and the Reeveses of Virginia, and a collateral and remote connection with the Byrds."

After Westover, Berkeley, "the ancestral home of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Benjamin Harrison, and of two Presidents of the United States," now falling into decay, is mentioned. And then the houseboaters went their way to Shirley, the home since Secretary John's time, of the Carters, of Virginia. And of Shirley the visitors say:

"Always, in consideration of Colonial homes, Shirley is regarded as one of the finest examples. This means much more than at first appears. For the mansions with which Shirley is usually compared were built from half a century to a century later.

"Doubtless the oldest homestead on the river, it utterly refuses to let its age. Even the shadow of the venerable trees and the ancient ivy's telltale embrace seem powerless to break the spell of perennial youth. In the home we met Mrs. Bransford, widow of H. W. Bransford, Commander of the U. S. Navy, U. S. N., and Miss Susy Carter. Mrs. Bransford and Mrs. Oliver are daughters of the late Robert Randolph Carter and are the present owners of the plantation, Mrs. Bransford making her home there."

As with Brandon and Westover, the hall and different rooms, including at Shirley the ancient bakehouse and kitchen, are pictured and written about in a very delightful and suggestive way. Shirley has a priceless picture gallery, and the houseboaters were invited to meet "the ladies and gentlemen on the walls." Among them were Secretary John Carter, of Corotoman, Lancaster county, who married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Edward Hill, of Shirley. The houseboaters affirm of the couple that Secretary and Mrs. Carter were a handsome pair, she fair and girlish, with an air of roses, he dark and courtly and one of the most attractive looking figures we had met in our travels in colonial land. Some noteworthy pieces of old Shirley plate appear to advantage in a picture group, and the text which relates to the dining room is illustrated by a photograph of Peale's Washington, which hangs on its walls.

When the visit to Shirley was ended "Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway" entered upon its last stage, for Richmond was not far distant. The device was led by Currier's Neck and came to Varina, where Pocahontas and John Rolfe lived after their marriage. Then on to Dutch Gap and Henricopolis and to Wilton, famous as the former home of lovely Anne Randolph, better known as Nancy Wilton, who became the bride of Benjamin Harrison, at Brandon. The arrival at the falls and the rapid

brought the houseboaters finally to Richmond. They proved themselves impartial commentators in regarding the founding of the city by Colonel William Byrd as an association linking it with the romantic river country left behind.

The book is exquisitely written. In every instance where colonial houses and households are mentioned what is said conveys a spirit of genuine appreciation for the subject in hand. Virginians at large, as well as the owners of manor houses along the waterway, will be doubtless pleased to read a book full of such a charming interpretation of what they have always held most dear in tradition and history.

"My Heart and Stephanie."
By Reginald Wright Kauffman. L. C. Page Company, of Boston. \$1.50.

A very romantic novel, which claims to tell the hitherto unknown truth and explain the mystery surrounding the suicide of Rudolf, Crown-Prince of Austria, and the woman whom he loved, Marie Vetsera. It will be remembered in connection with this tragedy of the royal family of Austria that Rudolf's reason was nearly wrecked by his marriage, for state reasons, to the bad-tempered daughter of King Leopold, and that Rudolf, madly in love with Marie Vetsera, wrote to the Pope, begging for an annulment of his marriage, that he might retire to private life with the woman of his choice. The Pope sent Rudolf's letter to Franz Joseph. There was a violent scene, at which the Austrian archdukes assisted. The pride of the Hapsburgs was aroused, and it was decided, or so Mr. Kauffman states, that rather than Rudolf should be permitted to sully his royal lineage he should be assassinated.

The prince's body servant, Lohse, was bribed, but failed in his object to kill Rudolf, so the reader is further informed, at Mayerling, Rudolf's hunting lodge, to which he had gone after announcing to his relatives his determination of not giving up Marie Vetsera. Rudolf killed Lohse, and the servant's body was the one buried, instead of the prince. He and his sweet heart fled to the United States, so the story goes in the novel under review. They lived in the State of Iowa until the death of his wife drove Rudolf into insanity.

The Austrian embassy at Washington sent out a secret service man from Washington to take charge of the prince. The two went to a small village in Pennsylvania, and there, in an altercation with his keeper, Rudolf was killed. These facts form the gist of Mr. Kauffman's narrative. And this is the mystery around which the novel is constructed. An American female detective, Frances Baird by name, and an American journalist, Samuel Burton, are drawn into the story, and cross the ocean in an effort to smooth out its baffling intricacies. A Hungarian countess, whose first name is Stephanie, is deeply involved in it because of political intrigues looking to the freedom of Hungary. Samuel Burton's infatuation for the countess supplies the love story and the romance of a highly-colored and entertaining book on a subject which has always appealed to the popular imagination.

"Happy Island."
By Jennette Lee. The Century Company, of New York. \$1.00.

This is a new "Uncle William" book and repeats the picturesque simplicity, the quaint charm and mellow humor which made Mrs. Lee's earlier book so successful. In the best meaning of the word, this really is a "Happy Island," though it has another name on the map of the Nova Scotia coast, and the world is happier for the story of "Uncle William," most lovable and inspiring of do-nothings, and his life there.

The story is all so quaintly and sympathetically told; the slow building of Bodet's house, the coming of Celia to the island, the call of the mackerel, the unconventional wooing of George, the slow surrender of pretty Celia and the homecoming of Selma and her mother. Through every page moves "Uncle William," with his big smile and his childlike gladness in the simple things of every day.

"The Soul of a Serf."
By J. Breckenridge Ellis. Laird & Lee, of Chicago. \$1.00.

A romance of love and valor among the early Angles and Saxons, in which is recounted the story of Ustrey, a young Saxon serf or coroll, who yet had dreams of freedom, fame and fortune awaiting him across the sea in the Western island of Britain.

In the meantime this unweaned hero, looked upon by the ealdormen above him as a base creature of the soil, dared to secretly lift his eyes to Cuthburga, a lovely ward of Lilla, the tribal chieftain of Ustrey. For Ustrey believed in himself as a man destined to accomplish great things and to emerge from the condition of servitude in which he had been held since he was rescued from the sea as a child and adopted by the tribe.

Cuthburga, proud, beautiful and imperious, was altogether unaware of the passion she had inspired in Ustrey. She did not dream that the hope of winning freedom and rank by daring achievements in Britain for her sake helped him to endure his misfortunes and hide his purpose and his love in his heart. As an entering wedge to his career, Ustrey sought permission from Lilla to join an expedition, in which the Saxon freemen and their wives were to be transported to Britain.

To see Lilla, Ustrey had to go to the meadhall, where the chief was giving a great feast to Eumer, an Anglian leader, and his followers. Eumer was also deeply in love with Cuthburga, but the maiden had no thought of any but Lilla, on whom she bestowed all her smiles. Dicing and gambling were special amusements of the Saxons and Angles, and at this feast the main contest was between Lilla and Eumer. Eumer staked himself, to become Lilla's slave, if he lost. If he won, Lilla was to give him Cuthburga, if Cuthburga consented.

Eumer won and Cuthburga, summoned to the meadhall, was informed of what had happened, and refused to marry Eumer, saying she would choose to wed a serf rather than such a traitor. She was held to her word, and Ustrey, presenting himself at this moment, the high priest made them man and wife.

Here the real interest of the book, relating to the heroism of Ustrey and of how he won the love of Cuthburga, begins. The scene of the story shifts to Britain, to the wall cities built there by the Romans and to the strife between the Kings ruling over the different Saxon kingdoms, into which the island has been divided.

Ustrey and Cuthburga found happiness awaiting them in a city where Ustrey was carried to be healed of his wound, and to await the coming of King Edwin of Kent, to whom he had sworn allegiance on his first landing in Britain.

As a picture of the rude times and manners of the conquerors of England and of their wild adventures, the book possesses an interest for the young and imaginative reader.

"Astir."
By John Adams Thayer. Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston. \$1.20 net.

This book is the business autobiography of a man who was a publisher at thirteen, and worked as a

Judge T. W. Harrison



Winchester jurist, who has handed down a decision in which he holds that a dog is not a beast, but a domesticated animal.

union printer in Chicago when he was only nineteen. Afterward Mr. Thayer worked with John K. Rogers, of the Boston Type Foundry, and then traveled through Texas and Arkansas in the service of the St. Louis Type Foundry. The Boston foundry passing into the control of its St. Louis branch, Mr. Thayer returned to Boston as salesman for his former house.

His next advance was his engagement by Mr. Curtis as type expert on the Ladies' Home Journal, of Philadelphia. In process of time he became the Journal's advertising manager, and was successfully associated with it for six years. Then he had an experience of a month and a day with Munsey. His account of this experience and his publication of Mr. Munsey's letter, form an interesting episode in his career.

A year with a newspaper, the Boston Journal, and his association with the Deliberator in which he led a crusade for clean advertising, come next, and tell how he made his master stroke in the advertising line. Then he became a publisher himself through his connection with Everybody's.

Everybody's necessarily hinges on the discovery of Thomas W. Lawson, a discovery which Mr. Thayer graphically relates.

In the last chapter of his book, after explaining his own withdrawal from magazine partnership, Mr. Thayer

says: "Everybody's, soundly based, has gone on from strength to strength. Even as I end this chapter the newspapers tell me that, by increasing its stock by three millions, the Butterick Company has acquired Everybody's Magazine. Three millions of Butterick stock for the publication we bought in 1903 for \$75,000! And it is worth it, even more."

The book is full of the practical experience of a man who has won his way up and knows what he is talking about. There are pictures drawn by Mr. Thayer of the great magazine editors and publishers, and a full exploitation of the fight for clean advertising.

"Dominion and Power."
By Charles Brodie Patterson. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York. \$1.20 net.

This book has been thoroughly revised, and contains five or six chapters dealing with mental and physical health, psychic development, the right use of the breath and self control. It is filled with uplifting and helpful suggestions and will prove of beneficial interest to thoughtful readers.

"Dominion and Power" has had a large circulation in this country and in England, and has been recently translated into the Dutch language.

"Veldt, the Lion Hunter."

By James M. Reilly. Broadway Publishing Company, of New York. \$1.25. A whimsical satire on ex-President's recent foray in the African jungles. Two friends, Ferdinand Pipes, a Staten Island organist, and Jack Scooper, a reporter on a New York City paper, undertook to bring out a comic opera, in which the humorous features of Mr. Roosevelt's expedition were to be caricatured, and their fortunes were to be made.

They had many difficulties and much hard work before they achieved their purpose, but success finally arrived and the extravaganza closes with the assurance that "any pleasant afternoon Scooper and Pipes, with their wives, may be seen whizzing through Central Park, happy as happy can be."

CLARA WARD AGAIN SEEKS A DIVORCE

Erstwhile Princess Chimay Asks French Court to Free Her From Signor Ricciardi.

Paris, July 17.—Clara Ward, the erstwhile Princess Chimay, has formally brought divorce proceedings against her husband, Signor Ricciardi. The court made the customary efforts to effect a reconciliation, but without success.

Ever since 1894, when she deserted her husband, Prince Joseph de Camille-Chimay, and fled with Rigo, a Hungarian gypsy violinist, who had captivated her wayward fancy while playing in a Paris cafe, Clara Ward, true child of caprice, has gone from one adventure to another.

Born in 1873, in Detroit, Miss Ward inherited several millions of dollars on the death of her father, who was one of the wealthiest men in the Great Lakes shipping circles. Her marriage, in 1890, to the scion of a noble Belgian house was one of the big events of the year in Paris. The ceremony was performed by the papal nuncio, and the bride's witnesses were the American and British ambassadors.

Hints of scandal began four years later, and her elopement with Rigo followed. They were later married and traveled from capital to capital. They quarreled and separated. Rigo came to this country and his wife got a divorce.

In June, 1904, she was married to Peppino Ricciardi, a canvasser and Popenoe, by a tourist agency in Paris. This union was no more productive of happiness than her previous ones, and a month ago it was reported that Ricciardi and his wife had come to the parting of the ways.

CHICAGO WOMAN IN POLITICS

Miss McDowell to Aid in Nomination of Better Candidates.

Chicago, Ill., July 17.—Miss Mary McDowell, of the University of Chicago Settlement, is the first Chicago woman to enter practical organization politics. She has accepted the post of member from the Fourth Senatorial District of the Advisory Council of the Legislative Voters' League. This is known as the stock yards district.

The report of the league asks for a distinct improvement in the personnel of the Fourth District representation in the Legislature, and it will be put up with a class of candidates who will get the approval of the league's advisers in that part of Chicago.

Forget the Heat

The Greatest Summer Resort--
Is The Times-Dispatch

Every one is trying to keep cool during the summer.

Every one tries to escape or forget the heat.

Those who can afford it, go to the seaside, to the mountains or into the country.

Others are forced to stay at home.

But ALL Read The Times-Dispatch.

It is newsy and it's breezy.

It gives all the news of the world.

It covers the field of sports.

It tells you what your friends are doing.

It's full of amusing features and interesting pictures.

It is instructive; it is entertaining.

It's beautiful Sunday Illustrated Magazine contains the very best fiction.

Those who read The Times-Dispatch forget the heat.

You don't have to travel---The Times-Dispatch brings the whole world to you.

If you are wise or---otherwise

Read The Times-Dispatch

Good for the Eyes



During the summer season it is more important than ever to have your Glasses properly adjusted, so as to minimize slipping off and breaking. Our expert service will do this for you. There is nothing too good for the eyes, and we furnish the best only. Prescription work our specialty.

THE S. GALESKI OPTICAL CO.
Main and Eighth AND Broad and Third

Headquarters for Eastman KODAKS, CAMERAS and PHOTO SUPPLIES—the dependable kind—and ARTISTIC DEVELOPING AND PRINTING.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

ALL THE NEW BOOKS and the BEST of the OLD ONES at LOWEST PRICES AT BELL'S, Publishers and Stationers 914 E. Main Street, RICHMOND, VA.

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

109 E. Broad Madison 630 Hammond's

"GREEN CASTLE"

Kitchen Cabinets will lessen kitchen labor. Try one. Sold by

Rothert & Co., Fourth and Broad.

SUIT SALE NOW ON AT

Tyler HATS AND BROAD STS. RICHMOND, VA.

Special Sale of Suits and Dresses.

Baylor-Yarborough Co., 207 E. Broad Street.

Sauer's THE BEST BY EVERY TEST. FLAVORING EXTRACTS. AT YOUR GROCER 10" x 25"

ON YOUR VACATION You may suffer from poisonous insects or plants. Take along a bottle of MILAM. It has cured Poison Oak in 3 days.